

Personally  
Autographed!



David McCallum (Illya)

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Rush my life size David McCallum pin-up plus official  
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U.N.C.L.E. card I enclose \$1.00 (plus shipping charges). I may return everything for a full purchase price refund. I enclose \$1 plus  
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48" "TALKING"

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from Outer Space



Full of shivers of delight! Imagine the amazement and shock of your friends when they hear him talk! This is a lovable monster for you to command. To make him 'talk,' just use the special design instrument. He bounces on his big feet . . . wobbling, teetering, bending in every direction.

COLORFUL, ONE-PIECE QUALITY LATEX  
ORDER SEVERAL SETS NOW! GUARANTEED  
TO DELIGHT OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

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handling

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Box 826, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Please send me "TALKING" MONSTERS at \$1.00 for each, plus  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

N° 19  
AUGUST

IND.

MAKE WAY FOR THE FAT FURY...

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
CARTOON  
AUTHORITY

AMERICAN  
MUSIC JAZZ  
AGE

12¢

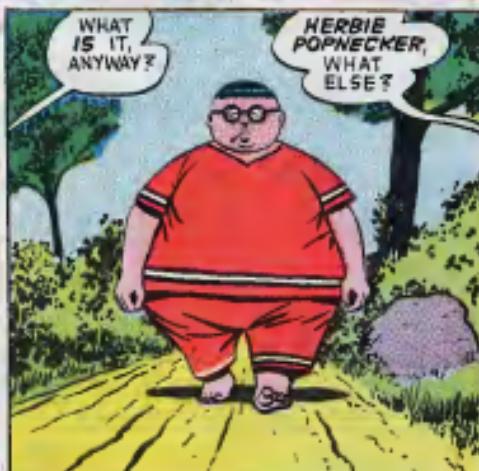
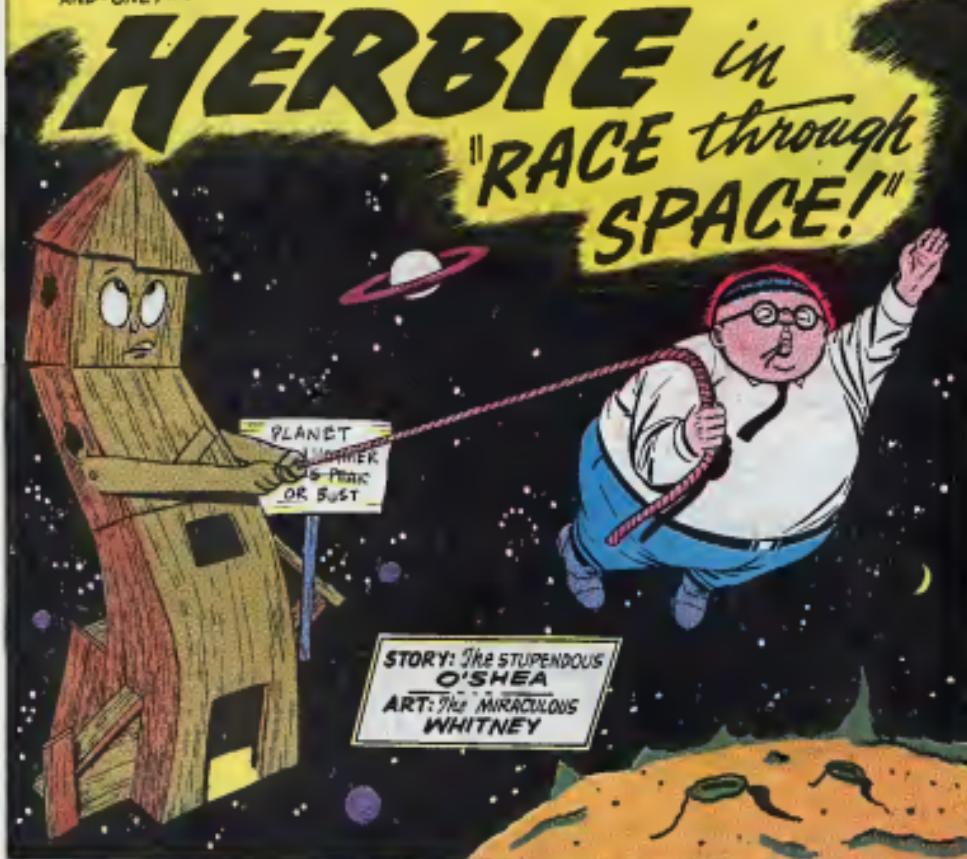
# HERBIE

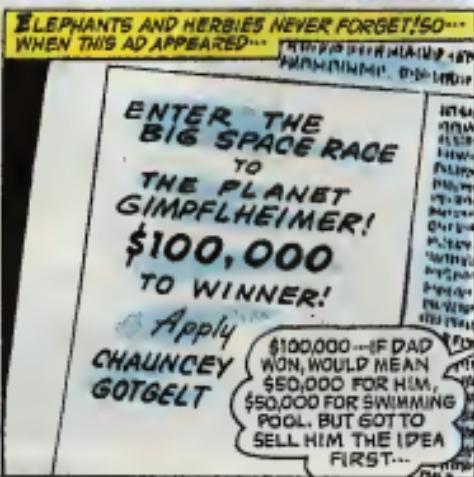
SPECIAL  
LAFFY-  
DAFFY ISSUE!

"EGYPTIAN  
CONNIPION!"  
"RACE THROUGH  
SPACE!"



EVER LONG TO ADVENTURE INTO THE DISTANT AND DANGEROUS REACHES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, READER? DO YOU DREAM OF RUSHING RECKLESSLY INTO RISKY REGIONS? THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, THEN, TOGETHER WITH A MILLION LAUGHS! SO CLIMB ABOARD, ALL OF YOU AMATEUR ASTRONAUTS! YOU'RE GOING ALONG WITH THE ONE—AND ONLY---





SOMEDAY, KIDS WILL READ  
ABOUT YOU, GREATEST OF ALL.  
STATUES OF YOU EVERYWHERE  
... MEDAL FROM PRESIDENT...

YOU'VE SOLD ME! I'LL  
BE GLAD TO ENTER THE  
SPACE RACE---BUT I  
HAVEN'T GOT A  
ROCKET!

NO PROBLEM,  
PROFESSOR  
FLIPPONE NEXT  
DOOR GOOD FRIEND  
OF MINE. BE HAPPY  
TO BUILD FINE  
ROCKET FOR  
YOU.

TELL  
HIM TO  
GET ON  
IT  
**RIGHT  
AWAY!**

PROF. FLIPPONE  
NOW  
WHAT? ONLY  
ONE THING  
TO DO...  
BUILD  
ROCKET MY  
SELF.

GONE TO  
WALLA WALLA,  
WASHINGTON,  
BACK NEXT  
YEAR.

NEVER BUILT  
ROCKET BEFORE,  
FIRST TIME.

BAM! BAM!

FINALLY...

VERY  
FINE ROCKET.  
PROUD OF IT.

PLANET  
GEMPELHEIMER  
JADE-PEANUT  
DR. BUST

HOLD ON. WHAT'S  
GOING TO MAKE IT  
FLY? HMM...

IT TOOK THOUGHT... AND MORE WORK...

TREADMILL...  
VERY SIMPLE.  
ALL YOU FELLAS  
HAVE TO DO IS  
WALK ON IT.

OKAY, BUT  
ONLY BECAUSE  
WE'RE YOUR  
**FRIENDS,**  
HERBIE.

BELIEVE  
ME, IF IT  
WAS ANY-  
ONE ELSE,  
WE WOULDN'T  
DO IT!

ENGINE  
ROOM.



THERE WERE OTHER FRIENDS TO CONTACT...

ONLY HAVE TO  
SIT IN ROCKET.  
VERY COMFORTABLE.  
JUST WAGGLE WINGS  
A LITTLE.

OKAY, BUT  
ONLY BECAUSE  
YOU'RE OUR  
PAL!



DON'T WORRY,  
DAD. HELP YOU  
SIGN.

GOOD. YOU'RE  
ENTERED IN THE  
RACE, POPNECKER  
--- YOU CAN'T BACK  
OUT NOW!



ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY OF THE RACE,  
THEY WENT DOWN TO SIGN IN...

I'M CHAUNCEY GOTSELT  
PROMOTER OF THE EVENT.  
GLAD YOU'RE ENTERING  
THE RACE, BECAUSE SO  
FAR, THERE'S ONLY ONE  
OTHER CONTESTANT ---  
**BLACK BUMBY** HERE!  
GUESS THAT'S BECAUSE  
OF THE DEADLY RISKS  
INVOLVED.

DEADLY...  
RISKS? ALL OF  
A SUDDEN, MY  
HAND FEELS WEAK  
--- I D-DON'T KNOW  
IF I CAN SIGN UP  
AFTER ALL!



BUT BEFORE WE GO  
ANY FURTHER, I'D LIKE YOU  
TO MEET MY FIANCÉE, **LIZZIE  
GIMPFLEIMER**. IT'S IN HER  
Honor THAT I've ORGANIZED THE  
BIG RACE TO THE PLANET THAT  
JUST HAPPENS  
TO BEAR  
HER NAME!

:GULP!: YOUR--  
FIANCÉE?



WHAT A LOVELY  
LITTLE BOY. WHAT  
WOULD YOU SAY IF  
I ASKED YOU FOR  
A KISS?

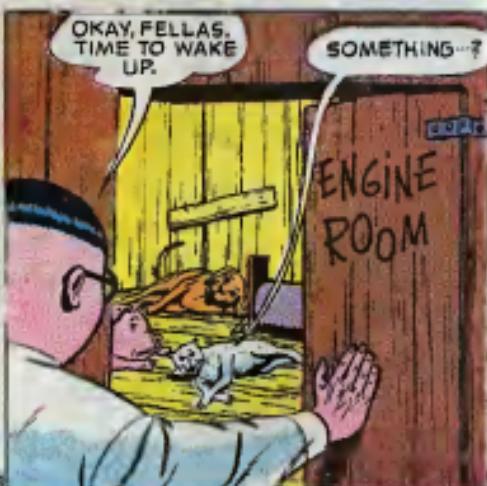
:UGH:



:HMPH!...  
BETTER PROCEED  
WITH THE RULES  
CHAUNCEY.

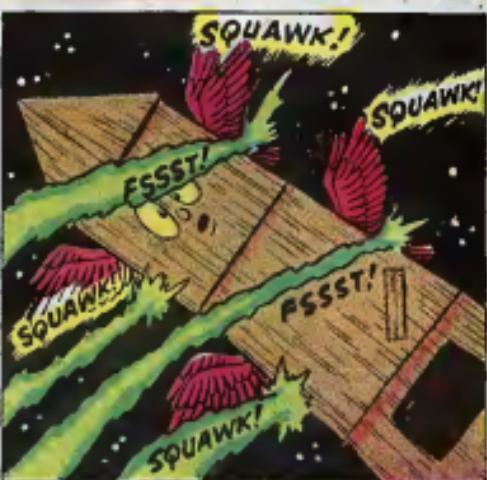
(1) CONTESTANTS ARE TO  
BLAST OFF AT NOON. (2) THEY  
ARE TO REACH THE PLANET  
**GIMPFLEIMER** AND CLAIM  
IT IN THE NAME OF MY LOVELY  
FIANCÉE. (3) THEY ARE THEN  
TO RETURN WITH EVIDENCE  
OF HAVING REACHED THE GOAL.  
(4) IN EVENT OF TIE WINNER  
OF THE \$100,000 GRAND  
PRIZE TO BE CHOSEN BY MY  
LOVELY FIANCÉE.











OOOF...  
OOOF...

GOT BOYS IN ENGINE  
ROOM BACK ON JOBS.  
NOW FOR YOU.

EVERYTHING IN  
ORDER, DAD. ON  
OUR WAY  
AGAIN.

FLAP

FLAP

FLAP

FLAP

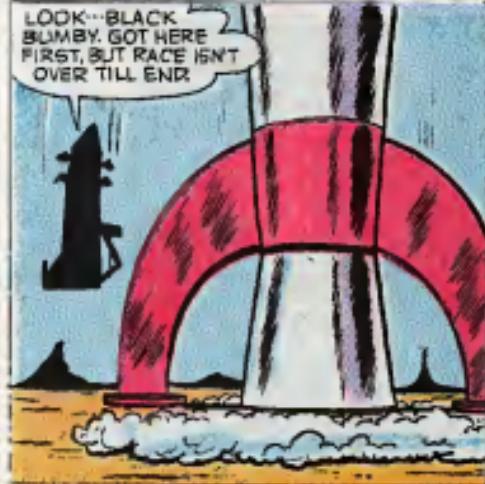
THINK THIS  
MIGHT BE IT. STAND  
BY TO LAND.

PLANET  
GIMPFHEIMER

LOOK--BLACK  
BUMBY GOT HERE  
FIRST, BUT RACE ISN'T  
OVER TILL END

LIZZIE GIMPFHEIMER

...AND I CLAIM  
THIS PLANET IN  
THE NAME OF  
**LIZZIE  
GIMPFHEIMER!**



THEN--ALL OF A SUDDEN...

CLAIMING OUR  
PLANET, HUH?  
YOU LOOKING  
FOR TROUBLE,  
JACK?

ULP!

DON'T WORRY, HERBIE. THESE  
ARE WOMEN---LOVELY WOMEN  
...AND I'M AT MY BEST HERE.  
JUST WATCH ME OPERATE!



COME HERE TO  
ME, BABY, YESSIR,  
YOU'RE MY TYPE!  
OOZE LIL' WHOOSIS  
IS OO, HONEY-  
PIE?



MMMM, MMMM!  
SIGH... KISS ME,  
MY BIG, STRONG  
MAN!

NO KISS. MY DAD--  
DON'T LIKE FOLKS  
GETTING ROUGH  
WITH HIM...



BUT THEY WERE PRISONERS NOW--BEING  
MARCHED TOWARDS THE KING'S CASTLE...

DID... DID YOU SEE  
HOW SCARED SHE WAS  
OF ME? I KNEW SHE  
DIDN'T STAND A  
CHANCE STARTING  
UP WITH PINCUS  
POPNECKER!



**THE KING WAS A RATHER STRANGE KING...**

YOU'RE CHARGED WITH TRYING  
TO TAKE MY PLANET FROM UNDER  
MY NOSE. HOW DO YOU PLEAD...  
**GUILTY OR EVEN  
GUILTIER?**

PLEAD  
INNOCENT. DIDN'T  
KNOW IT WAS  
**YOUR**  
PLANET.

FOR DARING TO PLEAD  
INNOCENT, I SENTENCE YOU  
BOTH TO IMMEDIATE  
**EXECUTION!** HEH-HEH...  
I GET TO DO ALL THE  
EXECUTIONS AROUND  
HERE!

FIRST I'M ENTITLED  
TO A PRACTICE SWING,  
ACCORDING TO THE  
RULES!

SWISH!  
OH-HHHHH!

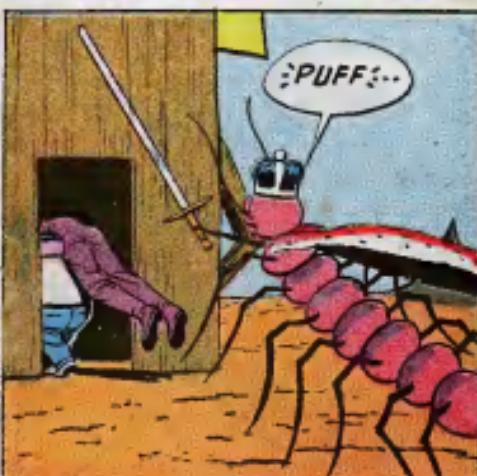
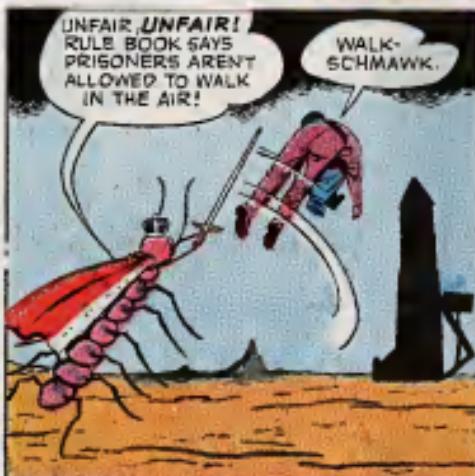
ENOUGH OF THIS.

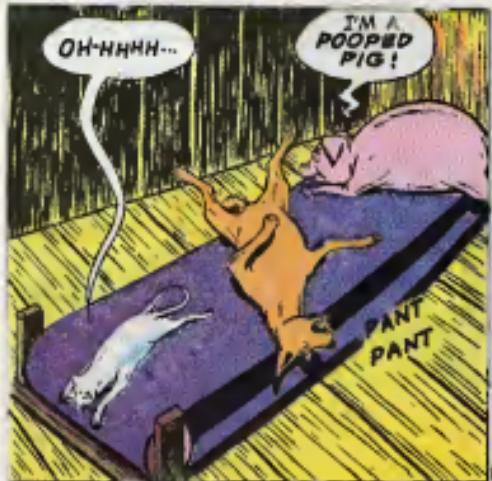
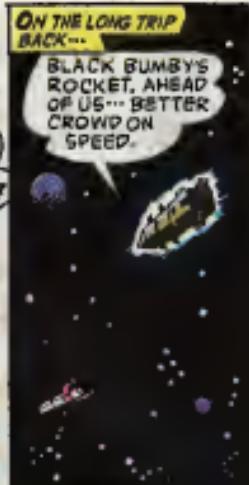
**CRASH!**

UNFAIR, UNFAIR!  
RULE BOOK SAYS  
PRISONERS AREN'T  
ALLOWED TO WALK  
IN THE AIR!

WALK-  
SCHMAWK.

:PUFF:...





AS USUAL...IT WAS UP TO HERBIE...

I CAN'T LOOK OUT...  
SPACE S-SCARES ME!  
...HERBIE...WHERE  
HAVE YOU GONE TO?  
HIDING, I GUESS, BECAUSE  
HE'S EVEN MORE SCARED  
THAN I AM!

THE TWO ROCKETS TOUCHED DOWN  
IN A TIE...

BACK ON  
EARTH. GOOD  
FEELING.

THEY REPORTED TO MR. GOTGELT  
IMMEDIATELY...

HERE'S THE EVIDENCE THAT I FOLLOWED  
ALL THE RULES. A PICTURE OF THE PLANET  
GIMPFLHEIMER. A PICTURE OF ME CLAIMING  
IT FOR YOUR LOVELY FIANCÉE.  
PICTURES OF THE PLANET'S FLORA  
AND FAUNA, BECAUSE YOU WANTED  
SOMETHING BROUGHT BACK FROM  
THE PLANET TO PROVE WE WERE  
THERE!



FINE, FINE! NOW  
HOW ABOUT YOU?  
WHAT EVIDENCE DID  
YOU BRING BACK?

ER... I FORGOT TO  
TAKE P-PICTURES.  
I'M AFRAID I D-DIDN'T  
BRING BACK  
ANYTHING!

EXCUSE  
ME...

FORGETTING, I  
BROUGHT BACK  
THIS.

HMMHMM...

HMMHMM...

YOU  
HONEYPIE, SWEETUMS!

HOW

ABOUT THE  
PRIZE MONEY?

GULP! I STILL INSIST I  
WIN!



WAIT A SECOND. THE RULES SAY THAT IN THE EVENT OF A TIE, I'M TO DECIDE ON THE WINNER--AND IT WAS A TIE! I DECIDE IN FAVOR OF THE POPNECKER ENTRY--BECAUSE THEY BROUGHT ME MY SUGAR-PLUM, HERE!



MY SHARE.  
\$50,000 FOR SWIMMING POOL.

HUH? WHY SHOULD I GIVE YOU \$50,000? IT'S NOT AS IF YOU DID ANYTHING FOR IT. IT WAS MY GREAT COURAGE, MY VALOR, MY HEROISM THAT WON THROUGH. YOU JUST WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE, THAT'S ALL!



OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO. UH---MOM MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW HOW BRAVELY YOU MADE LOVE TO GIRL WHO WAS LEADER OF KING'S GUARD. TOOK REAL GRIT.

GULP! YOU... YOU MUST HAVE HEARD ME WRONG, HERBIE, HEH-HEH--- I MEANT TO SAY I'D GIVE YOU \$60,000 FOR THAT POOL, INSTEAD OF JUST 50!



WELL--YOU CAN SURE GET A LOT OF SWIMMING POOL FOR \$60,000...

WHEE-EEEE!  
IS THIS EVER FUN!

KNOW SOMETHING?  
I THINK HERBIE HAS THE BEST TIME OF ALL OF US...



HE'S LEARNING HOW TO FLOAT... AND HE'S DOING IT HIS WAY!



# HERE'S HERBIE!

Memo from Ye Editor:

If you think this issue's a side-splitter—and you'd better if you value your teeth—just wait until you see our next! It features the one-and-only "Fat Fury" (thank Heavens) in "Pass A Piece Of Pizza, Please!" The greatest, got to admit it. And there's another fat frolic, too—Herbie, in "Adventure At The Center Of The Earth". All complete, crazy and comic in "Herbie" No. 20, September, due on the newsstands about the middle of July. Write and tell our overweight pop-muncher what you think of it, huh? Address your letter to "Herbie", 231 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Dear Herbie:-

I think you put out some of the funniest comics that I have ever read. But the parts I love best are where somebody looks real close at you and faints . . . that's when I bust out laughing. Hey! I just remembered that the next issue of "Herbie" is due on the newsstands, so goodbye for now!

—Ricky Myrick, 104 S. Michigan, Ocala, Fla."

You just think my comics funny—I know. What's business about folks looking close at me, jointing? Only joint because handsome. Might just pop down to Ocala, Florida, turn this here lollipop loose.

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

Have enjoyed your cool magazines since they came out. Got (number beyond counting) laughs from each issue. Since I joined the Navy, it is hard for me to find copies of each issue, so I have decided to go to the source and get them direct by way of a subscription to your mag. Here is my hard-earned money, \$1.44 of it, so hurry and send my mags before I volunteer to be bopped. At the moment, I only have enough for a one-year subscription, but I'll slave and work hard to get money to extend it as soon as possible. Thanks for tons of enjoyment!

—W. E. Looney, Cynca 786-85-25,  
CR Division, USS Intrepid (CVA-11),  
P.O. New York, N.Y. 10001."

Fellin in service my pals. Not only see that you get your comics fast, but am ready for personal favors. Like plopping over to Viet Nam, turning loose this here lollipop. Bop. Bop. Bam.

\* \* \*

"Dear Lovely, Adorable, Fat Herbie:-

I am (please forgive me) a horrid, skinny Eng-

lish thorn (the rose wilted) who adores your stories. I have been faithful since I first saw you. Love ya always! One problem. Out here, "Herbie" comics are scarce. Many days I tramp the streets searching for your welcoming face. Often I miss your lovely stories. Wait—don't bop me. Not my fault. I do try. Save me from a fate worse than death—a missed issue! Miserable for months! Please come up with a travel pop and come to see me. I'll have a whole factory full of lovely English lollipops for you . . . I understand they come in excellent flavors. P.S.: My mum and dad love you too, but my boy friend was dodgy. I fixed him good—I bopped him, and he loves you now!

—Marilyn Mills, 17 Bush Court, Priors Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England."

Horrid, skinny English thorn. Ugh. But sorry for you, Marilyn. No beastiful, lovely fat. About missing issues . . . have already taken up matter with Queen Elizabeth. Glad to report prospects for increase in number of "Herbie" comics sent to England very good . . . Queen has offered entire British treasury to bring this about. So be of good heart, Fat heart.

\* \* \*

"Dear Editor:-

As I wrote you after winning the prize in the "Herbie" contest, I went to the New York Comics Convention. They held a costume party there, with the people dressed as all the different heroes in comics. Inasmuch as I didn't want to be dressed as everyone else was, I came in the most unusual costume of all—"The Fat Fury!" I finally developed the film taken of me in the costume and had a copy made for you to see. The picture is in black and white, so it detracts from the original, which is in full color, and does look like the real fatty costume. My stomach is slightly out of place in this photo, but I think you can still tell something about it.

—Marvin Wolfman,  
142-18 59th Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11355."

Please, please, Marvin, don't ever repeat this practically fatal mistake of addressing a letter to me. Who am I but the lousy editor? It's Herbie's magazine, remember, and whenever I receive mail that he feels should be his, he bops me high, wide and unilateral. I bled so much! But notwithstanding, you sure looked great in that "Fat Fury" rig. So great that Herbie was a bit jealous, but don't let that worry you. I'll gladly visit you in whatever hospital you name!

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

I think your comic is great! One day, my friend told me about you, and I bought No. 3 and went hysterical! The wonderful stories were "Good Old Peepwhistle" and "George Washington's Teeth". Glad you bopped 'Nellie No-Date'—worst comic I ever read! I can see why she has no dates. By the way, my sister is crazy about you and can't wait to read your comics. Why don't you bop the Editor for not putting your comic book out once a month? Bop him with the hard-to-get cinnamon! Like I said, your comic is great. Keep it up, and don't reduce!

—Ivan Hodes,  
759 Orange St., New Haven, Connecticut."

Of course comic is great, so why shouldn't you throw hysterics? Stories you mention not really wonderful, though . . . just stupendous is all. Thanks for great suggestion about bopping Editor . . . will follow promptly. Just love to hear that man scream. Of course won't reduce . . . can't be too much of good thing.

\* \* \*

"Greatest Herbie:-

I have a question. Are you larger from front to back or from top to toe? P.S.: I am your loyalest fan, so please don't bop me with this here lollipop! Meekly—

—Rodney Personette,  
1721 Gloria Ct., Montgomery, Alabama."

Insulting question, so am now on way to Montgomery, Alabama with blood boiling and pops stripped for action. Am much larger from front to back, as any respectable, thinking person would know. All I'm saying is just look out, Rodney.

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

I protest. In "Herbie" No. 8, you show what would have happened if the British had won the Revolution. What if we had? A big country like America would have gotten its independence

years ago anyway. Tell me, do you really think that the British talk, dress and act like that British guest at the Popnecker house? Even the titled British don't dress like him. Incidentally, your comic is great and so are you, Herbie. I think you deserve all the lollipops you can lay your fat little hands on!

—Alan Patterson, 19 Clydach Street,  
Grangetown, Cardiff, S. Wales, Britain."

Of course British talk, dress and act exactly like my magazine showed. Don't think I'd exaggerate, do you? Better be careful, Alan. Besides lollipops, just might lay fat little hands on you!

\* \* \*

"Hi, Herbie!

I just finished one of your comics and it was "job"! Fat man, you got what it takes. You should try a satire on Viet Nam—I know servicemen over here would appreciate a little fun poked at the Viet Cong. But make sure you don't drop any lollipops over there—the V.C. have enough weapons as it is! How about a year's subscription to your comic? I'm at sea most of the time, so I miss an issue once in awhile. It's worse than being shot! I'd gladly pay all postage plus the 12¢ for each issue of this great-type funny book. Thanks, Herbie—see ya in the next issue!

—Chuck Swalla, MIMPN 794-69-64,  
USS Turner Joy, DD661,  
FPO San Francisco, Cal. 96601."

Think my mag is "fab", eh? Suggests slogan . . . "Stow the gab and grab a fab—HERBIE!" Sure I got what it takes—just, plenty of it. Give my regards to Uncle Sam's fighting men, Chuck. With me on their side, how can they go wrong?

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

I love your comic and have read Nos. 8 to 15. Enclosed please find one (1) orange lollipop. Any readers with extra copies of issues 1 to 7 please, please write me because I am willing to pay 25¢ each for them. P.S.: Why not put a 'Herbie' show on TV?

—Scot Allen,  
14 Winter Street, Malden, Mass. 02148."

Sorry for you, Scot. You're in real trouble. "Enclosed please find one (1) orange lollipop." Inside not one lollipop any flavor! Call this base treachery deserving confusions, incertitudes. Will let it pass, however, because must be some good in you. After all, you like my comics, so can't be all bad. Lastly, agree with you on TV show idea. Might be saving of world.

**ORDERS FROM THE FAT FURY...LOVE THIS STORY OR LOSE YOUR LIFE! NO IF'S,  
BUT'S OR MAYBE'S---GO CRAZY ABOUT IT OR GET BOPPED WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP.  
MEANWHILE, HOLD ON TIGHT, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING ALONG ON A CRAZY, COOL ADVENTURE  
INTO LAFLAND. ALL ABOARD WITH...**

# **HERBIE** *in*

## **"EGYPTIAN CONNIPTION!"**

**STORY: SHANE (FRANKENSTEIN) O'SHEA  
ART: OGDEN (DRACULA) WHITNEY**



**WHEN MOM'S AWAY IN A DISTANT CITY,  
WHAT DOES DAD DO? THAT'S RIGHT---HE  
GOES TO SEE CLEOPATRA...**



**AH-HHHHHH...  
THAT ELIZABETH  
TAYLOR...**



**LIKE I  
SAID...  
AH-HHHHHH...**

AND THAT NIGHT...

MMMMAMA  
MIA!



THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO  
KNOW A STAR LIKE THAT IS  
TO PLAY HARD TO GET!  
WHY CALL ON HER  
WHEN I CAN GET  
HER TO CALL  
ON ME?

OH,  
HERBIE!

I WANT YOU TO GO VISIT  
CLEOPATRA--YOU KNOW  
WHO SHE IS! TELL HER TO  
CALL ON ME AND MAKE IT  
FAST, BECAUSE IT'S  
IMPORTANT!

TELL HER  
CALL ON YOU  
FAST. IMPORTANT.



MUST HAVE FOUND  
OUT. WOULDN'T HAVE  
ASKED ME TO CONTACT  
HER IF HE DIDN'T  
KNOW...

AND NEXT MORNING...

IF SHE ONLY KNEW HOW  
AVERAGE I AM--SHE'D FLIP  
FOR ME. HMM... IT SAYS  
SHE'S GOING TO MAKE HER  
PERSONAL APPEARANCE  
AT THE BIJOU TONIGHT--



CAN'T FIGURE HOW HE  
FOUND OUT I HAD POWER  
TO GO INTO OTHER AGES.  
SOMEBODY TELL HIM ABOUT  
MY TIME  
LOLLI-  
POPS?

CHOCOLATE	BUTTERFRUIT
D	STRAWBERRY
D	LIME
D	CHERRY
D	LEMON
D	CINNAMON
D	ORANGE
D	GRACE
D	LICORICE



... I COULD  
GO BACK IN  
TIME.

YOU GONE YET,  
HERBIE? DON'T  
FORGET THAT YOU'RE  
NOT TO DARE  
COME BACK  
WITHOUT HER,  
SEE?



SO BACK, BACK THROUGH TIME WENT HERBIE  
POPNECKER...



YA GET ALL KINDS  
THESE DAYS. SUCH  
LEGS I WOULDN'T  
BITE IF YA PAID  
ME.

TO  
CLEOPATRA'S  
CASTLE

TELL ME  
HOW BEAUTIFUL  
I AM, CAESAR!

I'M GORGEOUS,  
HUH, MARC ANTHONY?  
SO WHAT'S THE  
MATTER YOU  
CAN'T SAY  
SO?

UGH!! SURP!! WELL, I'M  
WAITING.  
TELL  
ME!

YOU'RE DIVINE. ER--  
WHEN ARE YOU  
GOING TO SIGN  
THAT TREATY  
WITH ROME?

YOU'RE THE  
KEENEST KID IN ALL  
CAIRO--AND IF YOU  
REALLY LOVED US, YOU'D  
HAND OVER EGYPT SO  
WE COULD TAKE GOOD  
CARE OF IT  
FOR YOU!

UH--YOU  
DO LOVE  
US, DON'T  
YOU?

DO I LOVE  
YOU! WHY--  
WHY--

COME  
TO THINK  
OF IT, I  
DON'T!

LOVER-RRR!  
COME TO  
CLEOPATRA!

MMH,  
MMHHHH  
BOOPSY-  
WOOPSY!

WANT TO GET  
ONE THING  
STRAIGHT.  
YOU'RE  
CLEOPATRA?



WONDER IF  
ELIZABETH  
TAYLOR  
KNOWS  
FACTS?

HOW WILL  
WE EVER  
GET EGYPT  
AWAY FROM  
HER WHILE  
HE'S  
AROUND?

WE  
FIX IT SO  
HE WON'T  
BE AROUND,  
JERK!

SO...THAT NIGHT...

HERBIE  
POPNECKER?  
YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST!

GETTING ARRESTED BACK IN  
THOSE DAYS WAS DIFFERENT. YOU  
WERE JUST AS LIKELY TO WIND  
UP IN THE ARENA --- WHICH IS  
WHAT HERBIE DID...

LOOKA  
HERBIE.  
HAW-  
HAW-  
HAW!

SEEN NOTHIN'  
YET, BOY. ---  
RELEASE  
THE LION!



MEAT.  
FAT MEAT.  
BOYOBAY!

I  
BEEN  
BOPPED!  
GULP!  
---RELEASE  
THE TIGER!

AH-HHH!  
ALLA THAT  
SUET!

BOPPED,  
SO HELP  
ME!  
HUH?  
RELEASE  
THE  
RHINO,  
GOLDURN  
IT!



PLUMP LUMP  
A LA EGYPTIAN!  
MMM-MMM!

LOLLI-  
BOPPED!  
OH-HH!  
SEND IN  
THE WHOLE  
FIRST  
TEAM!

GOT IT  
STRAIGHT,  
FELLAS?

GOT  
IT!



WHERE IS THAT HERBIE?  
LET US AT HIM!



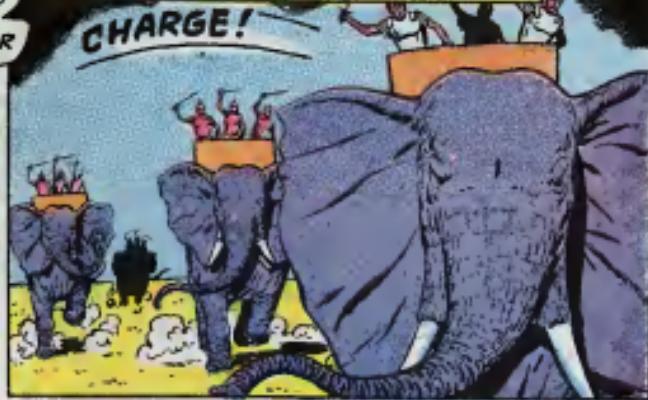
:GULP!!  
THEY  
W-WENT  
THATAWAY!

THE JIG'S UP  
UNLESS WE  
CAN GET RID  
OF THAT PLUMP  
LUMP! WE'LL  
DECLARE WAR  
ON HIM!



AND THUS BUSTED OUT THE GREAT HISTORIC ROMAN-  
HERBIE WAR! IF YOU DIDN'T LEARN ABOUT IT AT SCHOOL,  
YOU SHOULD HAVE---BUT HERE ARE THE FACTS---

CHARGE!



DOWN WITH THE  
DREAD HERBIE!



BUT... BECAUSE ELEPHANTS ARE  
VERY SMART...

URP!  
THAT'S HERBIE  
POPNECKER!

SCREE-EEECH!



**GANGWAY!**

**BUT NOW THE HORSE TROOPS MOVED  
INTO BATTLE...**

**LET'S GET  
WITH IT,  
FELLAS!**

**WE'LL SHOW  
THE PLUMP  
LUMP!**

**HERE THEY COME. GOT GREAT  
COMBINATION HERE—CROSS-  
BOWS FIRING SPECIAL BOPPING  
LOLLIPOPS.**

**TWANG! TWANG!**

**OUR LEADERS ARE  
DOWNED! RUN!**

**ENOUGH OF THIS PILLY-  
DALLYING. DAD WANTED  
CLEOPATRA FAST—SO...**

**BOOM!**

**BOOM!**



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PLUS  
25c

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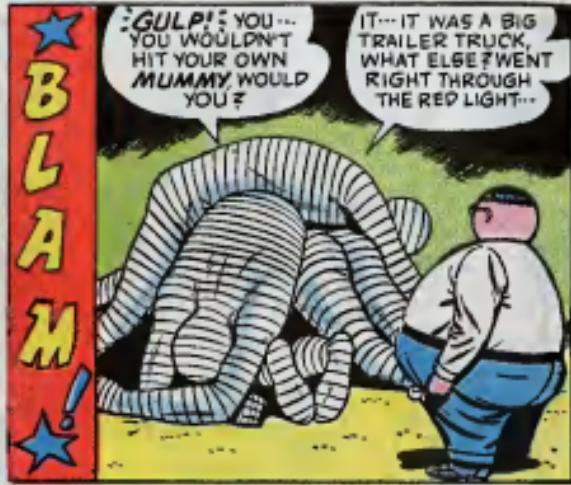
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I'M FLYING HOME EARLIER  
TO SURPRISE DAD. I JUST  
CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HOW HE'S  
GOTTEN ALONG WITHOUT  
ME!

IF MOM EVER CAME HOME  
AND FOUND THAT AWFUL  
FEMALE HERE, SHE'D K-KILL  
ME! AND I CAN'T GET RID OF  
CLEOPATRA! TO THINK IT ALL  
STARTED JUST BECAUSE I  
THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE FUN  
TO HAVE ELIZABETH  
TAYLOR CALL ON ME...

SO THAT'S IT---HE WANTED  
ELIZABETH TAYLOR WHEN  
HE SAID CLEOPATRA---NOT  
THE REAL CLEO AFTER ALL.  
WHICH MEANS I'VE GOT TO  
GET RID OF HER BEFORE  
MOM GETS HOME. FAST.



SO HERBIE TRIED A PLAN...

DUMMY OF DAD--HARD  
TO TELL DIFFERENCE.  
TIME LOLLIPOP IN MOUTH,  
ALL SET FOR ANCIENT EGYPT.  
SHE'S BOUND TO SPOT IT...  
NEVER SLEEPS...



WHEREVER  
YOU GO...I GO,  
LOVER!



DAD, DARLING...  
I'M BACK! HOW  
WERE THINGS  
WHILE I WAS  
GONE?

DULL, MOM. UH  
...NOTHING  
EVER HAPPENS  
AROUND HERE,  
YOU KNOW  
...HEH-HEH...

AND WITH  
YOU, HERBIE...?

CRAZY QUESTION.  
AFTER ALL,  
NOTHING EVER  
HAPPENS  
TO ME!

